Nor arme nor face, ô be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name that which we call a roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.
Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſchreend in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?
Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee diſlike.
Iuli. How cameſt thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kiſmen find thee here.
Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch theſe walls,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iu. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie.
Iuli. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frõ their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylar, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſheth with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe.
Iu. Thou knoweſt the mask of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farwell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe at louers periuries.
They ſay *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt think my behauior light,
But truſt me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue bene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouerheardſt ere I was ware,
My truloue paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Ro. Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe frute tree tops.
Iu. O ſwear not by the moone th'inconſtant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,